

# Colin Creevey Versus The Apocalypse

by Rex

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Summary: Colin Creevey versus the Apocalypse. It's the most unexpected matchup since Ravens versus Giants. Over a year old now...enjoy! Good, clean A/A fun.

## 1. Default Chapter Title

Colin Creevey Versus The Apocalypse

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### Chapter 1

Colin Creevey was a boy of twelve years, in his second year at the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the greatest school of magic. He was a slightly annoying boy who aspired to be a photographer. He was Harry Potter's second greatest fan, right after Ginny Weasley. He was part of the Gryffindor house and wanted to be a hero like Harry. (Even though Harry is an anti-hero.) Of course, Colin only thought it would be a dream; he never thought it would be true.

The Dementors were around the school, scaring everyone to death. Harry Potter was supposedly in danger. Harry had fallen off his broomstick just a few days ago because the Dementors were feeding on the emotions of the crowd. It had been the scariest moment of Colin's life; he couldn't sense anything around him for just a few moments. He remembered waking up, seeing Professor Dumbledore order the Dementors off the field. Harry's broomstick had shattered. The Dementors were almost always scaring Colin; the only time he wasn't was when Professor Remus Lupin, the new Defense Against The Dark Arts teacher was around. For some unknown reason, Professor Lupin seemed to scare the Dementors. Colin wasn't sure why, but he could feel something strange about Professor Lupin. Why was he always sick? No matter how strange things could get, Professor Lupin was his favorite

teacher. Then one day, in the Great Hall, everything changed.

The Hogwarts students were eating their dinner that night. The teachers were seated at their own table; while the four houses each had separate tables. The teachers were having a conversation. They looked concerned. Colin wasn't sure why, but he could tell something was seriously wrong.

Professor Lupin whispered something to Professor Snape, the Potions teacher. He nodded and whispered it to Hagrid, who rose out of his seat and whispered to Professor Dumbledore. The headmaster nodded and rose from his chair.

"Colin, what do you think they're talking about?" asked a fellow second-year, Ginny Weasley.

"Don't ask me," he whispered back. Colin sneezed. He was allergic to some kind of food served at the school, but he could never figure out what it was.

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A few hours later, in the Gryffindor common room, Joey Walcha, one of Colin's best friends, showed Colin the latest issue of The Daily Prophet, newspaper of the wizardry world. Joey's father was one of the editors of The Daily Prophet, and Joey always got the paper everyday.

He constantly flipped pages. He stopped at a page with a huge, one-page ad. It looked something like this:

><br>

And his followers shall rise,  
To wreak the turmoil  
For the most powerful man's  
Rise to power.

><br>

Prepare yourself; he is rising,  
Surging with power.  
He wants revenge.  
He wants blood.  
He wants power.

><br>

Colin gasped. "Who wrote this?" he asked Joey. Joey shrugged.

"I asked my dad that too. The ad was paid for and all. They had to run it. He said if they didn't, the person would kill them," Joey said gravely.

"Colin, what are you two talking about?" asked Ginny, walking up to them from behind. She poked her head in between the two and saw the ad in The Daily Prophet. She gasped.

"It must be him," Ginny said. She turned the other direction to face the window.

"It must be who, Ginny? You-Know-Who?" Joey asked.

"No, someone worse than Tom. Someone more sinister. Someone deadlier," Ginny said darkly.

"Who?" Colin asked, intrigued.

"I don't know his name, but when Tom imprisoned me, he talked about Harry and this other man. He called him some weird name in another language," Ginny responded.

"What kind of language?" asked Joey.

"It sounded like a snake hissing. I'll bet that it was parseltongue," Ginny responded.

"But if it can't be You-Know-Who, who can it be?" wondered Colin out loud.

"It must be someone awful if You-Know-Who kept talking about him," said Joey.

"Let's not jump to conclusions. Now, Ginny, you need to tell Professor Dumbledore about this," Colin said. He brushed his hand through his hair. Joey looked at Ginny with a Do-You-Need-Any-Help? kind of look.

"Guys, look outside," Colin said. There was a man outside the window, peeking through.

"Could it be-" Ginny wondered, cut off in mid-sentence by Joey.

"Sirius Black?" finished Joey.

"No way. No one would be \_stupid\_ enough to try and sneak into Hogwarts with Professor Dumbledore \_and\_ \_the\_ Dementors on campus," Colin said, voicing his opinion.

"Sirius Black killed thirteen people with a single curse. I think he would have the cunning to sneak into Hogwarts and escape the clutches of the Dementors and Professor Dumbledore," responded Joey. Colin nodded.

"Guys, I gotta go study," said Ginny, "We have a test in herbology Monday; that's two days from now. I'll see you two later." Ginny walked out the common room to the girls' dormitory. The two decided it was time for bed and left for their dormitories.

The next morning, Harry Potter was in the common room, looking over his notes.

"Harry," Ginny whispered. Colin was right behind her. It was early in the morning. The sun had barely risen. The sky was a dark orange. Harry's wand illuminated the area around him.

"What Colin?" Harry grumbled; he was only half-awake.

"Did you see The Daily Prophet?" Colin asked.

"No," Harry replied, still looking at his notes. He looked behind the chair. "Where's your friend?"

"Joey's asleep. He always sleeps late," Colin replied. Ginny's face was blood-red. \_Thank goodness Harry isn't looking at us. Ginny would be so embarrassed,\_ Colin thought.

"Excuse me," Ginny whispered to Colin, "but I gotta go." Ginny took off quickly.

"Colin, what do you want?" Harry asked. He turned around, mad because he was tired of Colin's constant bugging.

"Okay, there's this ad in The Daily Prophet. The ad calls for some guy's rise to power. Hold on, let me go get the paper," Colin said. He ran into the dormitory. Joey was still asleep. Colin grabbed the paper.

"Harry look at this," Colin said, showing Harry the ad in the paper. Harry's jaw dropped.

"Could it be Voldemort?" Harry thought out loud. Colin shuddered; he hated it when people said the dreaded name. But he didn't bother being the umpteenth person to tell Harry Potter not to say the name.

"Ginny said that it could be someone worse. Look Harry, I'm sorry if I ever made you mad; but I promise to stop bugging you. When you saved Hogwarts from You-Know-Who, I knew that I could never repay you. I nearly died. You don't know what it's like to be petrified. You're aware of everything that surrounds you. You can hear it, but you can't see it. It's like a radio show. You imagine everything that's around you. I can't describe it any further," Colin said.

"Colin, this man thinks he's more powerful than Voldemort. And if it's true, the world as we know it is in for something very, very bad. The Ministry of Magic is already in trouble with Sirius Black on the loose. This can only get worse," Harry responded.

"Harry, what do you think will happen?" Colin asked. Harry sighed.

"Colin, I don't know what to expect. But if he's worse than Voldemort, we really are in for something awful. Colin, look outside," Harry said, pointing at the sky. Colin turned to the large window; light rushed into the common room.

"See the sun, Colin? I'd bet that if this deadly man appeared and did

what was promised in the ad, it could be the end of the world as you know it. That sun would rise no more. And we'd all be dead," Harry said gravely.

"Then that man would die too. Wouldn't he want to live? If I was some evil sorcerer-" Colin said, before he was interrupted by Harry.

"He's a lunatic. He doesn't want anyone to live. Don't you get it, Colin? He hates everyone. He has his followers. In order for him to rise, he needs support. And when he's done, he'll kill everyone else," Harry said.

"I'll see you later, Harry. Thanks," Colin said, walking away. He exited the common room, walking down the castle walls to the library. Colin really didn't have anything to do, as it was Sunday. That was pretty much always the case.

A low sound came from behind Colin. Colin turned around. There was nothing. He continued walking. There was that same sound again.

"Who's there?" Colin said aloud to the castle walls. There was no answer. Colin continued walking on, until he found the library. The mysterious sound occurred again. What was it?

Colin turned around once more. He walked back down the castle corridors, away from the library. The sound was not occurring. Colin wondered if it was just an echo.

"All who dare to challenge me will perish in flames. They will die horrible deaths. And my revenge shall occur. You will die. C'mon, give me your best shot. You want to be a hero. You believe that you have what it takes to challenge Julius, the greatest sorcerer of all time. The man who gave Voldemort his inspiration. You are a brave boy; you could prove to be useful," said a voice. Colin gulped. A man who claimed to be the deadliest person alive was in Hogwarts. Colin picked up his pace, hoping to find Professor Dumbledore.

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Professor Dumbledore was an old man with white hair, a long beard, and moon-rimmed glasses. He was chatting with Professor McGonagall. Professor Dumbledore was supposedly the only man You-Know-Who was scared of, but Colin doubted that this man, Julius, was scared of the headmaster.

"Hello, Colin. Could you excuse the professor and I for a moment?" asked Professor McGonagall.

"I'm afraid not. This is too urgent. Professors, he spoke to me," Colin said. "Julius spoke to me."

"Julius?" inquired Professor Dumbledore. "Are we thinking of the same Julius?"

"Is he a powerful wizard who is probably a deadly lunatic?" Colin asked.

"Why, yes," responded Professor Dumbledore. "He put the ad in The

Daily Prophet. Alexander Walcha informed me."

"Albus, isn't he dead?" asked Professor McGonagall.

"He probably has a secret Sorcerer's Stone. No one probably know about it, but that is the only way he could be alive. I don't think that he would ever kill a unicorn," Professor Dumbledore said to his colleague. "But no one can jump to presumptions. Now, Colin, what did Julius say to you?"

"He told me to take my best shot; that I could be useful to him. Sir, he said that his challengers would perish in flames," Colin said.

"What do you make of it?" Professor Dumbledore asked.

"Well, if you want my honest opinion, I think he wants to destroy human life. Everything. The apocalypse is at hand. Voldemort never succeeded. What if he succeeds? He wants the ultimate revenge. That would be killing everything," Colin said. Professor Dumbledore nodded.

"Colin, you are not to go off and try to stop the worst wizard every. This man was worse than Voldemort or Salazar Slytherin. Combined, even. Do you understand the point I am trying to make?" asked Professor Dumbledore. Colin nodded.

"Yes, sir. But what are you going to do about Julius?" asked Colin.

"We're keeping it secret for now, Colin. All of Britain is crazy over Sirius Black. If anyone finds out about Julius, people will accuse the Ministry of Magic if being unorganized and unprepared for any attacks against us. People think Julius is dead. We must keep it at that. Minerva, send an owl to Cornelius Fudge. He must be informed immediately. The world is in danger. Now, Colin, you heard none of this. Minerva, please leave and send that owl. I must talk with Colin," Professor Dumbledore said.

"Yes, Albus. Should I tell any of the other teachers?" Professor McGonagall asked.

"There will be a staff meeting tomorrow evening, after dinner. Please make sure the teachers are informed. Thank you, Minerva," the headmaster said. Professor McGonagall walked away. Professor Dumbledore stared at Colin.

"Colin, do you understand that everything you heard is secret? This is an incident of which he hopes to keep the world unaware of," Professor Dumbledore told Colin.

"But what if he leads someone here into a trap?" Colin asked.

"Then I shall go rescue the person. I warn you right now. If you go off trying to fight Julius, you are almost guaranteed to die. Trust me, Colin. Only experienced wizards have come out alive. And most of them came out insane," Professor Dumbledore said.

"Sir, what if he speaks to me again?" Colin asked. Professor Dumbledore sighed.

"If he speaks to you again, you must respond. Tell him that he's a nobody; a man who is forgotten in the wake of someone greater."

"And if that doesn't scare him?" Colin asked.

"Nothing will."

## 2. Default Chapter Title

Colin Creevey Versus The Apocalypse

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> <p><font>Chapter 2<font>

Colin went to bed that night and had nightmares. He could see a man in the shadows laughing. Then there was himself, facing the shadow. A man appeared, and Colin fought it to the death. He saw himself dying, and the man said, "You did your best, boy," before killing Colin. The dream would keep occurring but every time Colin died differently. Once he would die perishing in flames, then he would die by a back-firing spell. The worse was the abyss. He would just keep falling and falling forever.

The man, in a dark cloak, would laugh the entire time. Colin would die screaming. Professor Dumbledore would appear right before Colin would die, and he would kill the man in the cloak. Then he saw his funeral. He could see people surrounding his casket, talking about how he had died a heroic death.

And then he woke up. Colin screamed. Joey, in the bed next to him, woke up as well.

"Colin, what do you want?" he asked. Joey checked his watch. "It's one AM."

"Well, I had the strangest dream. I was fighting this man. I'm not exactly sure who he was, but he killed me. Then Dumbledore showed up and killed him. I saw my funeral; it was so weird," Colin said.

"Weird. You sure you okay?" asked Joey.

"I'm fine. Now go back to sleep," Colin said. Colin groaned. Joey was not exactly one to go to sleep quickly or to leave somewhere without asking questions.

There was a long pause. "Okay, Colin." Colin waited for a few minutes for Joey to fall asleep. Then he too fell asleep.

That next morning, a Monday to be precise, Colin awoke. Joey was still asleep, but who said that he was a morning person? Joey's pillow was covered with drool, a regular occurrence.

"Colin, is that you?" said Ginny as Colin walked into the common room. Ginny was dressed in a nightgown; her long red hair bounced on her shoulders. Colin squinted.

"Yeah, it's me, Ginny. What time is it?" Colin asked, yawning. Ginny checked her watch.

"Uh, it's about six. Colin, are you scared of dreams?" Ginny asked. Colin narrowed his eyes.

"What did you say?" Colin asked.

"Are you scared of dreams?" Ginny asked. She couldn't catch what Colin was saying.

"What kind of dreams?" Colin asked.

"Nightmares." Ginny looked at Colin with a confused look. "You know, Colin. Scary dreams. Like the monster under the bed."

"I was always scared of the guy on the oatmeal box," Colin said. He really meant it.

"Muggles are so strange," Ginny said. With that comment, Hermione Granger walked into the common room.

"Hermione, I need to ask you something," Ginny said. Hermione ignored her, and sat down with her books laid across the table.

"I'm busy, Ginny. I have classes to study for. Can't you see that?" she asked, annoyed. Colin blinked with an amazed look. Hermione was never annoyed at Ginny, but this year she seemed like she didn't have time for anything or anyone. The blame was easily on all the classes she took.

"Look, Hermione, why don't you just drop a few classes? The workload would easily be-" Colin said before Hermione rudely cut him off.

"I don't have time to talk. Leave me alone," Hermione said.  
"Now."

Colin sighed and walked off to his dormitory. He dressed in his robes and pulled out his wand. He pulled out a book he'd been reading on Julius.

"The first victory of Julius came in the year 1889, in which his army successfully raided the Warlock Convention. This was followed by unexpected attacks in several key strategic areas in the war against Julius and his army," the book said. "Julius was finally defeated in the Battle of Munich in 1892. He was branded as a suicidal maniac and banished to his home. He was rumored to have an entire family of unicorns for his plans for another uprising. He said that his return would make the end of the world itself. The author thinks this was as ludicrous as Julius.

"Julius was not able to be defeated because of his ability to create spells. This left the Ministry Army totally defenseless. Not until the Battle of Red Lake was Julius able to be defeated in battle. The Ministry of Spell Research took it upon themselves to create some type of counter-spell against Julius. In 1891, they created a universal counter-spell that worked against every spell Julius created. Then on February 10th, 1892, at Munich, Germany, Julius's army's final battle took place. Using the universal counter-spell, the Ministry Army was able to destroy Julius's army."



Colin wondered why the name of the spell wasn't revealed. Why? Was it too dangerous to know? He put down his book and walked out of the common room. The hallway was smaller than the main halls, but he wasn't in the main common room.

"Colin, what are you doing?" Professor Snape asked Colin as Colin walked through the main hallway.

"I'm taking a walk, sir," Colin responded. Professor Snape took a second glance at Colin.

"Mister Creevey, it is 6:30 in the morning. Don't you think it's a little early?" Snape asked. Colin had completely forgotten about the time.

"I just needed to clear my head, sir," Colin responded, scared of Snape. "Good bye." He ran down the hall and entered the common room a few minutes later after stopping to catch his breath. There were a few kids in the common room, including Harry and Ron, who were keeping away from Hermione.

"Ron, do you know what's wrong with Hermione?" Colin asked. Ron shrugged.

"No, I really don't know. She just has too many classes. She's taking every class available, you know," Ron said. He bit his lip. Colin couldn't agree more.

"Colin, what's bugging you?" Ron asked. "You're not so jumpy anymore. You're more, uh, serious." Ron stared at Ron with a look that questioned Colin's own sanity. Colin swallowed.

"Um, it's nothing," Colin said. Ron narrowed his eyes at the other boy.

"What's bugging you?" he asked through gritted teeth. Colin took a deep breath before answering.

"I had a dream about Julius," he said. Ron was confused now.

"The Julius. The Julius of the Great Wizard War?" Ron asked. "What's so scary about him? He's dead."

"No, he's not. Julius loved unicorns. He raised unicorns. He had not respect for life. I doubt he would feel bad if he had some unicorn blood," Colin responded. Ron nodded.

"You're right. My dad sent me a letter about the Daily Prophet ad. Did you see it?" Ron asked.

"Yeah, I saw it. It was definitely Julius who sent it. Dumbledore thinks that too. But wait till you hear the scary thing," Colin said.

"What?" Ron asked. "What's so scary?"

"He talked to me. Julius was at Hogwarts," Colin said gravely.

"What? He couldn't get into Hogwarts! Not with everything around us!" Ron said in a loud outburst. The members of the common room looked at him with wide-eyed looks.

"Ron, it's time to go!" Harry Potter whispered, walking in Ron and Colin's direction. Harry looked tired. His glasses drooped down his nose.

"What time is it?" Colin asked. Harry shrugged.

"Time to go to breakfast?" Joey Walcha offered from behind Colin.

"Yeah, about that time," Harry answered.

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The Great Hall was filled with the same laughter, shouts of joy, the usual noise. The tables sat the same students of four Hogwarts houses and their teachers. Professor Dumbledore still sat at the teachers' table. Joey was talking to Colin about something funny that had happened to him while he was walking in the common room.

"Joey," Colin said.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Shutup." Colin coughed. His allergies were kicking in. He sneezed.

"Colin, you okay?" asked Ginny. Colin sneezed once more.

"I'm fine. I think I'll go to the common room now. Excuse me," Colin said, trying to hold his sneezing. He ran down the hall to the common room entrance. He said the password quickly and ran in the room. He grabbed a tissue from the dispenser and sneezed, blowing his nose at the same time.

"Are you sick?" asked a voice from somewhere in the common room. Colin instantly recognized the voice as Nearly Headless Nick, whose real name Colin had forgotten quite a while ago.

"I think so. I'm not exactly sure. Say, I've got a question," said Colin.

"Shoot," responded the house ghost, taking a seat next to Colin.

"Did Julius go to Hogwarts?" Colin asked.

"No, I'm afraid he didn't. His parents educated him, if I do recall. He was an American and fought in their Civil War, you know. His parents had no way to get him to Hogwarts. Times were tough back then; we didn't have any Nimbus 2000 to get us across the world. I don't even think our broomsticks were faster than a bicycle," the ghost said to Colin. Colin sneezed once more. He could hear the sound of students coming near the common room entrance.

"Colin, are you sure your okay? That sounded awful," the ghost said.

"I assure you; I'm fine, Nick. Don't worry," Colin said before sneezing. He hated the allergy season.

"Whatever you say, Colin. I once knew a boy with bad allergies. Then he sneezed his head off. Literally," the ghost said.

"You're joking, right?" Colin asked.

"I don't joke about death, Mister Creevey," the ghost said before disappearing. A few Gryffindor students entered the common room and were giggling and joking, just chatting.

"Colin, why'd you go? Professor McGonagall was looking for you," Neville Longbottom asked. "She needed to talk to you about some dude named Julius. Are you doing a report on the Great Wizard War?"

"No, I just had a few questions that needed answers. I figured she could help me," Colin replied, getting up from his seat.

"She's still in the Great Hall if you need her," Neville said, sensing Colin's actions.

"Thanks," Colin said as he climbed out the portrait hole and walked to the main hallway. He skipped and whistled down the hall; he always found that cut down on the sneezing.

Colin walked into the Great Hall and found the teachers having a conversation. Professor Dumbledore was the first to notice Colin.

"Colin, I trust that you researched Julius?" the headmaster asked.

"Yes, sir. I know he's alive. He has to be," Colin said. "After all, he spoke to me. And he called me in my dreams." Professor Snape chuckled.

"Professor Dumbledore, with all due respect, bringing a child in on this is very stupid, especially a child like Creevey," Professor Snape said. Dumbledore's face got more serious.

"Severus, have I ever mentioned you really judge people based on a first look basis. That is a very biased way of judging people. If you want to know, Colin is excellent in Herbology. He has a certain way with plants. Not to mention his Transfiguration grades are the highest in his class," Professor Dumbledore replied to Snape. "I think Colin would be one of the best students to have on this, not to mention that Julius has already contacted Mister Creevey."

"Fine. Whatever you say, Albus," Snape said, obviously not happy.

"Colin, has Julius talked to you since your last encounter?" Dumbledore asked. Colin shook his head.

"Unless you count a dream, I would say no," he responded. Professor Dumbledore pushed his glasses up his nose.

"I doubt that dreams would count. That is all, Colin. You may go,"

Professor Dumbledore said. Then there was a loud howl from the wind and the sky above, as seen on the bewitched ceiling, blackened almost immediately.

"It's happening," Colin said. "He's preparing." Colin studied the sky for a moment.

"Colin, go to your common room. This never happened. Understand?" Professor Dumbledore said. Colin nodded.

"Sir, I think we should tell the students of what might happen," said Colin, voicing his opinion. A terrifying silence swept through the room as Colin awaited his answer.

"No, Colin. Sirius Black is already on the loose. If we tell the students of this occurrence, we could get run out of our own school. Understand?" Professor Snape said.

"This is no time to debate!" Professor Lupin said. "We have the end of the world at hand here! We need to find wherever Julius is and attack him now! He's near here; we know that for sure because he's changed the weather patterns. Why don't we search for him now. If he's alive, the Dementors might have gotten him as well, but I doubt that. Now, let's go split up. We all know the rehearsed plan if we had to search for Black. Colin, go to your common room now."

"Yes, sir!" Colin said, running out of the Great Hall. He ran quickly, losing his breath easily.

"My plan is going perfectly," said the voice of Julius to Colin from somewhere inside the castle. "But your day will not." Colin ran faster; he breathed even harder.

"Leave me alone. You've been all but forgotten. You have your own stupid followers. You think you're great? Sirius Black did greater damage than you ever would, and he's alive. Voldemort is alive and somewhere, ready to strike. And you are just trying to cash in on the popularity of evil people attempting to overrun the wizardry world. You're pathetic," Colin said bravely. Very bravely.

"Look at you," said Julius before striking Colin with a lightning bolt. Colin fell to the ground screaming. The ground opened; a great earthquake began to occur. And Colin fell into the hole, into an abyss.

### 3. Default Chapter Title

Colin Creevey Versus The Apocalypse

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#### Chapter 3

Colin screamed, holding on to a blanket of sanity for dear life. He closed his eyes; the pit seemed to never end. A few moments later he landed on the ground in a room lit by torches. There were ghosts everywhere.

"Look, Julius wants power, and he wants it here. He is an evil man and a threat to all ghosts everywhere! Does anyone remember the war?" a ghost addressed to the group. A cheer rose from the group.

Colin sneezed. He wiped his nose on his shirt and walked away from the meeting of ghosts.

"Who's there?" asked a ghost to the direction Colin was. Colin ran quickly through the dark room, trying to avoid the ghosts. He ran through a ghost before he hit an invisible wall.

"Who are you?" asked a ghost who flew over next to Colin. Colin sneezed, then coughed.

"Does it concern you?" Colin asked before sneezing once again. "I've got to stop Julius." Colin tried running, but he once more fell from the invisible wall.

"I guess it does now. Some of us remember Julius. He was an evil man, much more evil than Voldemort. We are preparing for the end of the world; he is unstoppable," the ghost told him. Colin shook his head. There was a deafening silence, followed by thunder.

"You're wrong. He wants us to challenge him. Now remove the wall," Colin said. The ghosts were looking to the ceiling. Outside, lightning struck the castle. Thunder roared once more. The ghosts gasped all at once.

"Fine then," said the ghost seriously. He closed his eyes and Colin fell through the wall. "It's up to you."

Colin took off through the dungeon. Lightning clashed and thunder roared. But nothing would illuminate the dark dungeon. There were no windows. Colin grabbed his wand and said, "Lumos," illuminating the small area around them.

The dungeon seemed to go on forever. Julius was obviously at Hogwarts, but was he really in the dungeon?

"Come here, boy," said the voice of Julius. Colin coughed while taking in the humid air around him. "You must want to rip me apart." Colin shook his head.

"I'm not evil like you. You take pleasure in killing people. I take pleasure in helping people," Colin said to the mad wizard.

"Then help them. Stop me," Julius said to Colin. Colin gritted his teeth as the dungeon was illuminated by light. Thunder roared outside. A cloaked figure flew up in the air. Lightning flew from his hands. Colin leaped in the air, barely avoiding the deadly lightning bolts. The air around him burned. Colin took a deep breath, but he could never do anything while Julius was floating in the air.

"Oooh, is the little hero useless without the power to float in the air?" Julius said, mocking Colin. "Well, guess what?"

"What?" Colin asked seriously.

"I have no honor, so I'm not coming down." Julius threw another

lightning bolt, and it hit Colin hard. Colin flew back twenty yards into the wall. He coughed. Colin rubbed his eyes, trying to stand up on his own two feet. He took a deep breath and narrowed his eyes at Julius. His feet left the ground. Under him, he could see the ghost that had opened the invisible wall levitating Colin.

The ghosts under Colin roared, cheering for the would-be hero. "You see, Julius," Colin said as he flew through the air, "I have my own loyal fans." Julius roared.

"You will never stop me!" The mad wizard threw himself at Colin at an incredible speed. Colin was thrown back, hitting the wall behind him. He began to fall down to the ground, thirty feet below. The ghost had been hit by an invisible force sent to him by Julius. Julius roared with an evil laughter.

Colin hit the ground with a loud thump, but he had not broken any bones. The ghost had been able to cushion his fall!

"Thanks," Colin said as he got up, breathing as fast as he could. The ghost nodded. Colin smiled at Julius.

"What do you want?" Colin said. "Julius, you're a psycho. Why do you want to do this?" Julius laughed.

"Because I must fulfill my prophecy. The world will end when I return. Killer locusts are already out in the world, waiting for prey. I spent one hundred years preparing for this, and I will be stopped by a little boy like yourself!" Julius said before throwing a lightning bolt at Colin and the ghost. The ghost lifted Colin up in the air; both avoiding the lightning bolts. Julius lowered himself twenty feet, but he was still higher than Colin.

"You can't win, Julius. Good always triumphs," Colin said. Julius howled with maniacal laughter.

"Then why are you trying to stop me?" Julius said. He laughed at Colin.

"That doesn't apply here. Why don't you take off your cloak hood? Scared?" Colin teased. Julius took off his cloak hood, revealing a middle-aged man with a large scar streaking across his forehead. He had a tanned face with deadly, piercing blue eyes. His hair was noticeable, at least the lack of it. His bald head shined in the bright light of the once dark dungeon.

"No. Now, die!" Julius threw blue lightning from his balled-up hands, sending it toward Colin. Colin tried to dodge the lightning, but he couldn't dodge them all. Lightning hit him, but Colin held his ground, staying where he was. Then he flew back in the air, next to the wall. He hovered before pushing off against the wall and sent himself speeding toward Julius. Julius dodged Colin, forcing Colin to stop himself and turn around. The madman jumped from place to place in the air, trying to lure Colin to stop him.

"Sorry, Julius. You're not stopping me," Colin said while standing still, waiting for Julius to do something.

"On the contrary. You can't stop me," Julius said before sending himself full-speed at Colin. Colin didn't have time to dodge him, and

he flew back against the wall. His lip bled. Colin sneezed. He wiped blood on his shirt and tried to regain his energy.

There was a silence as Julius pulled out his concealed wand. Julius had been using it all along to throw the lightning bolts, and all Colin would have to do was to take the wand.

"Mister Creevey, prepare to die with the rest of the world," Julius said before unleashing a mighty roar. He walked through the air towards Colin. Julius kicked Colin in the face. "I may not have any honor, but I will make sure that you never have any honor." Colin hit the wall, knocking him senseless. He heard the sound of footsteps from under him and Julius. It was Professor Lupin and Professor Dumbledore!

"Don't move, or the boy dies!" Julius screamed down toward the ground as Professor Lupin flew up in the air. He armed his wand and aimed it at Julius. Julius grabbed Colin's robes and punched Colin, giving Colin a headache.

"Oh," Colin groaned. Colin was quickly losing his sense of reality.

"Albus, let's go!" Lupin screamed as he came eye to eye with Julius. Dumbledore rose up into the air, ready to fight Julius to the death.

"Ah, I have heard about you, Albus Dumbledore. But I am afraid you are not powerful enough to stop me from destroying the world!" Julius yelled with maniacal laughter. Dumbledore rose quickly to come eye to eye with Julius as well.

"Why do you want to destroy the world? You will kill yourself in the process of achieving your ultimate, but yet futile dream. Why, Julius? Why?" Dumbledore demanded. Julius lifted Colin in the air with his hand.

"Revenge, Dumbledore. Revenge," he said before throwing Colin to the wall. Colin looked down toward the ground. The ghost was still holding Colin in the air, but he was only barely. It was taking all of the ghost's power to keep Colin in the air.

"Remus, take Colin down, away from here," Professor Dumbledore said as Colin's vision began to fade.

"Yes, sir!" Professor Lupin said as he flew straight to Colin, who was falling down to the ground. Then Colin completely lost his sense of reality and all became black.

\* \* \*

Colin awoke in a bed. Madame Pomfrey stood over him, watching. She hummed a little tune as she held up one of Colin's arms.

"It's broken, Albus. I'll mend it. Shouldn't take long, but his mental recovery will. He's lucky to be alive," she said to Professor Dumbledore behind her.

"What happened to Julius?" Colin asked. He tried to get up, but Madame Pomfrey pushed him down lightly.

"He killed himself. He had lost so much concentration that he could not keep the floating charm to work, so he fell to the ground. He was a maniac who could never accomplish his dreams because he expected people to help him now," Dumbledore responded.

"What about the locusts he was talking about?" Colin asked.

"Utter nonsense. He tried to start the apocalypse, but he failed. Just like Voledmort did," Professor Dumbledore said. Ron shuddered at the name.

"Sir, does anyone at the school besides the teachers and I know what happened?"

"No, they don't. Cornelius Fudge is glad to have gotten rid of this threat; he still has Sirius Black to worry about," Dumbledore replied. There was a pause before Colin said anything.

"What are you going to tell people about my injury?" Colin asked.

"People think you fell off a broomstick you went riding on. You really look like you did," Madame Pomfrey said to Colin. Colin sneezed.

"Is there a way I can get rid of my allergies?" he asked.

"Colin, I'm afraid you can't. Believe me, we've tried to get rid of allergies, but there's no stopping them," Madame Pomfrey said, laughing.

"Can I have something to eat?" Colin asked, hoping to fill his empty stomach. His stomach growled.

"I think your stomach would agree to it. I'll contact the kitchens," Madame Pomfrey said as she walked out the room, heading for the kitchens.

"Sir, what happened to Professor Lupin? Did Julius try to stop him?" Colin asked.

"Julius had knocked me aside and followed you and Professor Lupin. Once you two had landed, he knocked Lupin unconscious for about three minutes. Remus is fine though," Dumbledore responded with a smile.

"Professor Dumbledore, I must ask you to leave now. Colin, your food will be here in a few minutes. Why don't you get some rest?" Madame Pomfrey asked, sticking her head through the curtain.

"Yes, ma'am," Professor Dumbledore said, walking out of the room.  
"Bye, Colin."

"Well, Colin, are you feeling better?" asked Madame Pomfrey, holding a plate of food. She handed the food to Colin and gave him a large glass of milk.

"I think I am. What exactly did I break?" Colin asked.



"You broke your left arm, a few fingers, an ankle, and cracked your skull. Almost as bad as what Harry Potter's been through," she said with a chuckle. Colin coughed.

"Take some cough syrup after you finish eating. Here, have some milk," she told Colin. She pushed the milk in Colin's mouth. Colin began to feel bad.

"Madame Pomfrey," he said.

"Yes?"

"I'm lactose intolerant." Madame Pomfrey removed the glass from Colin's mouth almost immediately and gave him some water.

"Okay, Colin. Just tell me if you need anything," she said, leaving the room. Colin ate quickly and went to bed.

A few days later Colin was cleared to go back to the common room. He spent the day resting, but no one could even figure out the truth. Colin was happy. He may have saved the world, but he was sure no one could save an over-inflated ego driven by fame and power. And he fell asleep, dreaming of things much better than any nightmare.

End  
file.